

## The Critic

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1819 James Russell Lowell 1889

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY has a double claim to remembrance and celebration by Americans: it is the natal day, not only of the Father of his Country, but of a man who is, in the opinion of many of his more enlightened fellow-countrymen, the foremost citizen of the Republic. It was on Monday, February 22, 1819—somewhat less than twenty years after Washington's death,—that this added distinction was acquired by the national holiday; for on that date James Russell Lowell first opened his eyes to the light, in the old homestead at Cambridge, Mass., in which his father was born during the Revolution. Mr. Lowell has 'played many parts' since then—if the expression may be used of one who has been nothing of an actor; but though, by the Psalmist's reckoning, he should by this time have reached the 'last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history,' as a matter of fact he has not yet even entered upon the period of the 'lean and slumped pantaloons.'

There can be no doubt about the date of Mr. Lowell's birth, for to a little girl who wrote to him, a year ago, that the children of a certain public school proposed celebrating the event on the 21st, he said that if they did so they would add a day to his life. 'I had the misfortune to be born on the 22d,' he wrote, 'and thus to be brought into competition once a year with the most august figure in our history.'

In an article on 'Mr. Lowell at Sixty-nine,' we asked to what happy combination of circumstances his three-fold activity, as poet, scholar and man of affairs, was due, and concluded that it was attributable as well to 'environment' as to 'heredity.' On his seventieth birthday what we said on the eve of his sixty-ninth is still true and may be repeated:

He presents the spectacle of a mind richly endowed by nature, thoroughly trained in the schools, ripened and seasoned by a wide experience of life, and acting in various directions with the minimum of restraint and the maximum opportunity of effective achievement. His powers were, of course, largely inherited, but for the chance to exert them with the greatest freedom and effect, he is indebted to the form of the Government under which he lives.

The birthday greeting from both sides of the Atlantic, to which we gladly yield our columns to-day, would have been incomplete had it lacked the tribute of either England's Laureate or the Nestor of American bards—Mr. Lowell's senior by eleven years. Certain words of gratulation which otherwise would have appeared here, were reserved for utterance at a complimentary dinner arranged to be given at Boston on the poet's birthday, under the presidency of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

It is a real privilege to be permitted to take a part in the chorus of congratulation which THE CRITIC has organized to greet the honored diplomatist, scholar, essayist and poet who now enters the Senior Class; after seventy years of life during which, in all his numerous volumes, he has not written a single stupid, foolish or wicked line. Long may it be before we are called to mourn his 'graduation'!

We of the next younger generation find it hard to express adequately all our feeling of indebtedness to him who so

long has gone on just before us leading the way—sometimes beguiling weariness by tickling us almost beyond endurance with the fun and wit of his humorous satire (what atrocities of rhyme and pun!),—again charming us with the serene beauty of his poetry, or instructing us with the thoughtful wisdom of his essays,—but always laying hold somehow of what is highest in us, and helping it to action and expression.

Those who are to follow us will undoubtedly value and enjoy his writings, but never quite as we did when they came fresh and glowing from the author's brain, instinct with the life of the passing day. Perhaps also, as not belonging strictly to the literary guild myself, I may offer greetings on behalf of those who have found his writings all the more delightful and helpful, just because they have taken us out of the limits of our usual daily thought into different and very beautiful regions—like a summer journey to the mountains or the sea.

THE OBSERVATORY, PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 13.

C. A. YOUNG.

I have been a very sincere admirer and enjoyer of Mr. Lowell, both as poet and as politician, from the time when, as a very young man, I laughed over and approved his 'John P. Robinson, he,' down to the present. There are, I am sure, few who more heartily wish him many happy returns of his birthday than myself; and, at your invitation, I make bold to say so.

VALE COLLEGE, Feb. 18, 1889.

W. D. WHITNEY.

There are some people we would gladly always keep young. It is a personal grievance if we find them growing old. My friend James Russell Lowell has reached his three score and tenth year, but, from my standpoint, he is not too old to add to his already splendid reputation as a poet and critic, and as a representative man, whose worth and genius are acknowledged wherever our language is spoken. I have just been reading over again the imitable description of our New England spring in his famous 'Biglow Papers.' It has never been so well told before. Indeed, the wit and wisdom of our country life have never been so admirably rendered as in the rhymes of Hosea of Jaalam. The droll quaintness of dialect and the rollicking humor and sarcasm of his verses were a power in the anti-slavery conflict. The boomerang of denunciation sometimes came back on the heads of those who hurled it, but Lowell's arrows hit their mark and stayed there. Among those who did good service in the cause of human freedom he deserves to be reckoned

DANVERS, MASS., Feb. 16, 1889. JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It is scarcely worth while for every one to live to the age of seventy, but Mr. Lowell has vindicated his right to add a great many years more to this handsome number. His seventy years have reflected great credit on American letters and on the American name—indeed, few men in the Republic have so honored both. As a poet and satirist his work is not only distinctly American, but it has that quality in it which endures and distinguishes the age in which it is produced. But he has rendered great service to the Republic in addition to this. He is an exponent of the enlightened democratic spirit, and his Americanism is in the highest range of patriotism, that which seeks the honor of the country less than self advancement. In diplomacy he has adhered to the tradition that one is little likely to serve his country well by being disagreeable to the people to whom he is sent. In these days of publicity and quick communication, the best service the diplomatist can render is the cultivation of respect and good-will between nations. In our day no one man has done more abroad than Mr. Lowell to raise his country in the esteem of the world. And in this he has sacrificed nothing of its rights, nothing of its dignity.

I thank you for the privilege of saying this on the 22d of February, 1889.

HARTFORD.

CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER.

What is time—what are years—to one whose firm pen, clear head and fresh heart mark his seventieth year as the year of his prime? Intellect, genius and good-fellowship know no age, and Lowell is our leader still.

NEWPORT, Feb. 17, 1889.

G. E. WARING, JR.

Your letter reached me too late to respond to your request. The only contribution which there is time for me to send to Mr. Lowell's birthday must consist in my earnest good wishes and my hearty regret that I can do no more.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C., Feb. 18.

When I was a boy an edition of the writings of Edgar A. Poe came to my hand, and I read it amid the hills of Cherokee, Georgia. Attached to the work was a little essay by Mr. Lowell. That was in 1859, some ten years after Poe's death. From then till now (and I can feel the influence projecting itself into the future) what Mr. Lowell has written has been a part of my education. From my point of view no living American, in assuming to speak for American culture, has so thoroughly justified himself as has Mr. Lowell. While our novelists have been showing us how ill-bred and plebeian we are, and while our critics in general have been echoing Sainte-Beuve, or taking the pitch of their strain from London masters, there have been in his writings a vigor, a manliness and a patriotic independence, always pure, racy and refreshing, which have made us aware of our own value as the creators of a new civilization of which the old is not competent to judge. Wherever the most healthful and most fertilizing influence of American republicanism has gone, wherever the best essence of American aspiration has insinuated itself to liberalize human thought, or to give vigor to reforms, there have been felt the sincere force and the subtle earnestness of Mr. Lowell's words set in the phrasing of a master of style. His seventieth birthday marks the threescore and ten of a life very precious to America and to all the enlightened world. To me it is a privilege of the highest kind to have this opportunity to join THE CRITIC's distinguished guests in paying this small but sincere tribute of respect to America's most distinguished critic, and to wish him every good.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

CRESCENT HOTEL, BAY ST. LOUIS, }  
MISSISSIPPI, 15th February, 1889. }

#### NAME OF LOWELL

The Muse by Castaly or Helicon  
(I never knew which one)

Some liquid purling sounds upcaught, and smiled,—  
'Be called by these, my child!'

But did she dream how well this name of Lowell  
Would chime with fireside loves and shouts of nowell?  
Feb. 18th, 1889.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

#### A GREETING FROM THE LAUREATE

I thank you for asking me to be among the numberless number of those who greet Mr. Lowell on his seventieth birthday. I wish that I had seen more of him while he was among us. All blessings be upon him and upon his country. I am

Faithfully yours,

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER, ISLE } Tennyson.  
OF WIGHT, Jan. 27, 1889. }

Kindly add my name to the list of those who send affectionate congratulations.

HALLAM TENNYSON.

#### DEAR MR. LOWELL:

I am one of the thousands who have laughed and wept over your magic verses, and the impression still remains tho' now I am old and, Biblically speaking, 'well stricken' in years.

I rejoice in the notice that is about to be taken of your birthday. Please count me among the number of congratulating friends.

HARTFORD, Feb. 16, 1889.

H. B. STOWE.

#### MY DEAR MR. LOWELL:

May you yet have many birthdays, for the longer you lead your brother authors the better able will they become to follow you.

ALBERT HOTEL, Feb. 18.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

I passed a morning with Mr. Lowell last Spring, and have a good memory for a morning of that sort, and am a fair judge of ages. So I believe that your letter is another hoax,—one of the kind that was attempted five years ago in the case of Dr. Holmes, and even more barefaced.

If it be not, the Scriptural Limit has become a misnomer, along with the present 'Winter.'

Still, a week of years *has* passed since I wrote of Mr. Lowell as our representative man-of-letters, and added:—'How enviable the record of a poet who is our most brilliant and learned critic, and who has given us our best and most complete work in dialect-verse, and the noblest heroic ode that America has produced,—each and all ranking with the best of their kinds in English literature of the modern time!'

Has anything since occurred to qualify that statement? Has the record been beaten?

A man is as old as he feels; a woman as old as she looks. But Mr. Lowell can stand the test of both looks and feelings,—and as for capabilities, who is there, in Old England or New, who

So like a gallant in the brow of youth,  
*Repairs him with occasion?*

NEW YORK, Feb. 18th, 1889. EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

To J. R. L.

(UPON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY)

When late you struck so clear a youthful note,  
We did not dream life's turning goal was near;  
Long may your fingers press the minstrel's oat  
Whose vibrant strains the world delights to hear;  
And may the future years that flower for you  
Yield sweet 'Heartsease' and not the bitter 'Rue.'

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

High though Mr. Lowell must rank as an essayist, I presume that his fame will rest chiefly on his work as a poet; and a study of Mr. Gosse's recent interesting paper would have convinced me, had I needed to be convinced, that I have no claim whatever to be a judge of poetry. If Pope and Gray are entitled to a place in the same collection with Shakspeare and Milton, and yet Emerson and Longfellow are not fitted to go with Pope and Gray, then I must humbly confess that I have not even the right to express a preference.

What I say must therefore be taken simply as indicating my own personal and barbaric feelings in the matter; its sole merit is that I mean it, and utter it after careful thought and because I have long believed it. I do not forget Shelley or Keats or Tennyson; I greatly admire parts of Browning (though heartily sympathizing with Mr. Andrew Lang's clever skit on 'Esoteric Browningism,' which I wish he had extended to take in the Wordsworth cult); but on the whole I think that of all the poets of the Nineteenth Century we could least afford to lose Lowell. Perhaps, however, I am

somewhat influenced by 'my feelings as an American; for exactly as Burns is distinctively Scotch, so Lowell at his best, the Lowell of the 'Biglow Papers' and the 'Commemoration Ode,' is essentially and characteristically a national and American poet.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15th, 1889. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Lowell is not only 'poet, satirist, and statesman,' but also essayist, editor, critic, and college professor. His work, under any one of these names, is important enough to receive hearty praise; but I merely wish to express the indebtedness to him of one teacher of English. Some of his prose papers are among the best of available literary and philological guides for students of the oldest and greatest of modern tongues. Again and again have the chapters of 'Among my Books' and 'My Study Window' proved stimulating to those seeking direction on entering the great field of letters; while the introduction to the second series of the 'Biglow Papers' is alone enough to entitle its author to the thanks of every worker in English.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Feb. 15. CHAS. F. RICHARDSON.

#### THE CATHEDRAL

Through the Cathedral of thy finished song,  
Oh, happy architect! we walk to-day,—  
The better for thy building. Far away,  
The groined roof springs: Thy luminous fancies throng  
The great stained oriel,—trail weird hues along  
Sir Launfal in his niche, and fling a ray  
Across the choir whose haunting lyrics lay  
A spell upon our souls,—so sweet—so strong!  
Each pillar bears its legend, nature-wrought—  
Of Willows—Pines—June roses,—ermined Snow:  
Even rollick Satire lurks within the stall,  
Now hallowed by Commemorative thought:  
Heartsease and Rue upon the altar glow;  
And thou, High Priest, dost consecrate it all!

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

#### BISHOP POTTER'S THANKS

My absence from home has prevented my receiving your note until too late to comply with its request. Happily, Mr. Lowell will not miss any congratulations of mine amid the chorus of greetings which will come to him on his birthday. That he is seventy years old, or anywhere in that neighborhood you must pardon me for declining to believe! The fresh and vital charm of all that he says and writes, indicates beyond a peradventure that if he wasn't 'changed at nuss,' and so confounded with some other baby born in the 'long ago' of February, 1819, he must have drunk early of the fabled spring whose gift is perpetual youth. At any rate, I know no good cause which is not the younger, because the stronger, for his helpful and stimulating words; and I thank him heartily, for my part, for a ministry in many lay-pulpits at once reverent, beneficent, and inspiring.

160 WEST 59TH STREET, } HENRY C. POTTER.  
Feb. 19th, 1889.

#### PRESIDENT PATTON SENDS GREETING

I am just leaving home and have no time to reply to your letter further than to say that I thank you for giving me the opportunity of joining those who in a forthcoming number of *The Critic* will send greetings to Mr. Lowell on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. All honor to the man who has served so well the cause of nationalism and internationalism by reason of his conspicuous position in the Republic of Letters.

PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 14, 1889. FRANCIS L. PATTON.

#### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S BIRTHDAY

(FEBRUARY 22D, 1889.)

Looking on Lowell's picture, I recall  
Those dulcet days when Poesy was all!  
But had life been all Poesy to him?  
Our diplomatic annals had been dim  
To that fine lustre which his mission shed  
When foreign courts first echoed to his tread,  
Whom not alone in Academic halls  
Hath England laurelled, but her Windsor's walls  
Have seen at royal boards a goodly guest,  
Where princes learned a sage may sometimes jest.  
He knows Italian fields and Allemain;  
He best could tell us of the things of Spain;  
Yet some whom he accepteth as compeers,  
Whose hearts have watched his growth so many years,  
Find something puerile in most renown  
And honour Wisdom more without a crown,  
Save that which age on handsome heads bestows,  
Where white becomes more beautiful than rose:  
For praise to us of three-score years and ten—  
O what are praises but the breath of men?  
And love oft whispers, mid the world's acclaim,  
Friendship and fellowship are more than fame.

T. W. PARSONS.

We all know Mr. Lowell's brilliant quality as poet, critic, scholar, and man of the world; but that in him which touches me most strongly belongs to his relations to his country —his keen and subtle yet kindly recognition of her virtues and her faults, and the sympathetic power with which in the day of her melancholy triumph, after the Civil War, he gave such noble expression to her self-devotion, sorrows, and hopes.

BOSTON, 16 Feb., 1889.

F. PARKMAN.

#### A WISH FROM OXFORD

Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford and compiler of the 'Golden Treasury,' offers his sincere wishes that Mr. Lowell 'may be blessed with length of days and happiness.'

The state of my health is such at present that I cannot respond as I should like to, to your suggestion that I should add my congratulations to the others to be published in *THE CRITIC* of Feb. 22, to Mr. Lowell on reaching his seventieth birthday. So let me add simply that I have been so fortunate as to know Mr. Lowell from my boyhood, and that his wit, his poetical genius, the charm of his writing in what wore the dress of prose, his scholarship, his public spirit and his high tone in every relation of life, have been the constant objects of my admiration and respect. Besides all this, I feel and shall always feel deeply grateful to him for his loyalty and devotion to my father, the late John Gorham Palfrey, in the dark days which preceded the formation of the Republican party.

FRANCIS WINTHROP PALFREY.

BOSTON, February 16, 1889.

Although fully appreciative of Mr. Lowell's great work not only in but for Literature, I find myself unable to express my estimate of it in terms that shall be at once just and free from the charge of eulogy. If he will permit one who is simply a straggler in the great highway along which he now moves the undisputed master, to tender him a tribute of respectful friendship, I add mine to the many he will receive, hoping that its sincerity will insure its acceptance.

One who has enriched the literature of the English-speaking race; who has upheld the honor of the American people abroad, and has illustrated that of American citizenship at home; whose long life has been as beautiful as the most

noble of his own high conceptions, will on his seventieth birthday be the object of unmeasured admiration; but it affords me pleasure to assure him that as great as is my admiration for him, it is surpassed by my affection.

I unite with many thousands in wishing him every blessing that God can bestow.

THOS. NELSON PAGE.

RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 15th, 1889.

I wish I could answer your request for a contribution to the next number of *THE CRITIC*, in which Mr. Lowell's birthday is to be celebrated, by sending you some words worthy of the occasion. But I am to preside at a dinner to be given to him on the 22d, and I must reserve for the dinner what I would otherwise have gladly given to you.

I may well leave it to others to praise him, 'whose fame over his living head like Heaven is bent,' while every best wish that they can form for him is but the faint echo of what my own heart has long since spoken.

CAMBRIDGE, 17 Febr., 1889.

C. E. NORTON.

It is an honor to be associated with the best of the literary elect who will rise up this week to do honor to our greatest living poet, and our greatest essayist living here or beyond the veil—a man withal who types American manhood at its best. Ever since 'The Biglow Papers' stirred my youthful heart, Lowell has been to me an *eidolon*—not an idol by any means, but a beautiful image at once of literary grace, of poetic inspiration, of patriotic enthusiasm, of a reasonable and reverent religion, and of a noble manhood; an ideal which has not become a lost illusion to me with advancing years. Blessed he to whom it is given to allure youthful minds and hearts without breaking the *eidolon* before maturing eyes! Of all that I would like to say, let me note but this: While our architects are drawing for us their plans of the great American Cathedral which is one day to rise in marble or in granite, our seer has drawn the plans of that Cathedral which is rising in our American Christianity, built out of living stones, Catholic as humanity, sacred with every historic symbol, facing eastward towards the rising sun, while its clerestory windows are open to the freest breath of heaven's own air.

GARDEN CITY, Feb. 19, 1889.

R. HEBER NEWTON.

It is said to be characteristic of Mr. Lowell that in his personality the teacher often gets the better of the man-of-letters, so that in most of his writing the moral is more obtrusive than it should be in purely artistic production. Perhaps, however, the high place which he occupies in the esteem of his fellow-citizens is largely due to this very feature of his work. In this age of political and social problems, the delicacy of our literary taste is just enough blunted by our hunger for knowledge to be pleased rather than offended at him who errs a little on the side of instruction. Mr. Lowell's greatest merit as a political instructor seems to me to consist in this; that he is equally removed on the one side from that self-complacent optimism which sees nothing but good in all the excesses of our rude democracy, and on the other, from that pessimism which only sees things going from bad to worse, and has no hope except in some political or social cataclysm which shall bring new men and new ideas to the surface. I fancy him saying to Democracy:—'You do so many foolish things, that we might well despair of your future, were you never to be wiser. But, in the boisterous energy which you devote to mad sport with the most serious problems of life, I see the evidence of a vigorous health which will insure you a successful career in your riper years.'

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIMON NEWCOMB.

Who could refuse your invitation to meet—in the columns of *THE CRITIC*—and greet Mr. Lowell, and to say 'God-speed,' as he goes on his way to the shining heights of

years? It was my privilege, without being particularly known to him myself, to know Mr. Lowell well before he had reached the second of the three great boundary posts of life. He would call me by name and talk to me and urge me to disclose what little information I had on the subject then in hand, and thereafter pass over my head, pretty much as the sun in the morning, having opened the tulips, swings along the meadows and 'flatters the mountain tops.' I was one of sixty fellows for whom he performed the same function—himself known, but leaving us unknown. He held the 'Dante' session at Harvard College, and had to walk up from Elmwood, past Longfellow's gate and the lilacs, to meet us. At Elmwood he had the sombre groves of Mount Auburn behind him, but his own shrubbery and great trees and piles of great books were between, and a tempting fire-place on the town-side of him, as I recollect it,—the same fire-place by which he loved to sit and 'toast his toes.' I think he hated to leave that fire-side and the books; for whenever his classes were small, and whenever his pipes would go round, I was told, he would summon the boys to him and begin the task of the day only after the smoke began to curl. It was not my good fortune to be one of a small class, and I remember him in that tome-piled library, chiefly as standing at a desk writing letters, commanding me to some friends of his—not, I imagine, for the small amount of Italian I knew, but possibly with a sly thought of the large amount which he had poured in and which I ought to know. I have two of those letters and keep them as treasures: one never delivered, for it could not have been, the other begged back. I have a vivid picture of the man as he stood at that desk—compact of form, firm of feature, keen-eyed; a little professorial in those days; then, as always, neatly dressed,—some said scrupulously dressed and brushed—no loose ends anywhere, either of outside or mental habiliments, no grey hairs either, if my recollection serves me, although he was then approaching fifty: his voice rich and melodious, his words ready and never wasted. His mind was always full, and the boys who had the happy privilege of talking much with him, found him, I was told, as generous with his stories as he was with Agassiz and Gray and Longfellow and Felton. I have furthermore many a picture of him as he walked up the long road to the College, his head down, his meditations possibly on a Certain Condescension in Foreigners, while he was grinding his walking-stick into the hard gravel, or switching the butercups in the grass at the roadside. He would be on time at the 'Dante' room; a little impatient, I used to think, with the more trivial detail of his work, and glad when he could be done sounding our shallows—which did not take long. Then he would begin and roll out the cantos in a rich round tone—*ore rotundo*,—accompanying the reading with the happiest stories and comment.

We knew at the time that he was the silent partner who made the great days of *The Atlantic Monthly*, who brought to the front so many new wits now grown famous, so many poets and essayists whose works are now read the world over. The same virility which was in the composition of the man went to make up the body of the magazine. He was behind *The North American Review* also in its palmiest days, and much of the best criticism ever issued from the American press, and which came through these two magazines, had been previously boiled down for the Seniors of the College. He and Holmes were then the life of the Alumni Association and Phi Beta Kappa, having about them such men as Emerson, Agassiz, and Felton, Hedge, Everett Hale and Clarke, Gray, Sparks, the poets, romancers and great historians—each man a university in himself. Base-ball languished, and there were no athletics. We were obliged to put up with those men as compensation. To-day the athletes and the university are there, but the men who were themselves universities went away. Somehow they do not any longer return to Cambridge.

Twenty-five years later—I think it was just that—I again

had the privilege of hearing Mr. Lowell's voice and taking his hand—myself as unknown to him as ever. His voice was mellower, his wit mellower and kindlier; the professorial air was gone, and a most friendly eye and smile lighted up his face, although it was midnight after a hard day for him. He was still as full a man intellectually, and as ripe; as much master of the varied stores of a wider reading and study of men. If time deals as gently with all of us as it had with him, we shall be boys, if not ex-ambassadors, at seventy.

Feb. 16, 1889.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

To wish Many Happy Returns of the Day to one whose birthday falls on the twice-honored Feb. 22d is perhaps forward on the part of one who was born on Feb. 21st; yet I venture to add my greeting to the many proffered by the writers of America to the chief of our guild. Time was when an ambassador was sent abroad to lie for the benefit of his country; but we have changed all that. Now, an ambassador goes abroad to make speeches for the honor of his native land; and no American minister was ever more dignified or more adroit in the discharge of this difficult duty than was the author of 'A Certain Condescension in Foreigners,' whilst he was accredited to the court of the kingdom whose subjects are, to us, the most condescending of foreigners. Every American who has happened to be in England of late years, can bear witness to the prowess and the persistence with which Mr. Lowell upheld the name of these United States in Great Britain, and to the skill with which he so arranged that Democracy was always putting her best foot foremost. Perhaps this is not the time or the place to make a more personal confession, and to declare the debt of personal gratitude due from the present writer for a needed stimulus in youth, for unfailing refreshment, for a widened horizon, and for an outlook beyond the parochial bounds of contemporary British criticism.

121 EAST 18th ST., NEW YORK } BRANDER MATTHEWS.  
Feb. 19th, 1889.

I willingly join in your proposed salutation to Mr. Lowell: He has borne himself with such dignity in his diplomatic career, and has put such knowledge, and verve, and piquancy into all his literary work—as will make him remembered for a good many 'seventy years' to come.

EDGEWOOD, 16 Feb., 1889. DONALD G. MITCHELL.

To J. R. L.

What is this that People say?  
Lowell comes of age to-day!  
Well he is and blithe, and thus  
Long may he remain with us  
Teaching Truth as he was taught,  
Fearing God and fearing nought:  
A Child of Light, and happy parles—  
Our Tully on the Banks of Charles.

Let me hence, across the brine,  
Greeting give this friend of mine.

Poet of a kindred race,  
Thanks for all thy gifts of grace—  
Pathos, humour—ay, and wit,  
And mordant mirth which goes with it;  
Winged speeches, welcome puns,  
Famous poems that our sons  
And our sons' sons will inherit,—  
How shall I attest their merit?  
—Would that thou hadst spoken, written  
For my country—as a Briton.

For the 22 Feb., 1889. FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

## The Critic

### HIS SONGS

(J. R. L.—FEB. 22D, 1889.)

Think what a dull world this had been,  
Had poets left their songs unsung!  
That freshness, 'mid Earth's dust and din,  
Keeps her tired heart forever young.

If Beaver Brook had only run  
To grind the miller's daily grist,  
Nor flashed its diamonds in the sun  
For Lowell,—think what we had missed!

High on Katahdin throned, the Pine  
In kingly purple chants his hymn,  
The maiden Birch-tree through his line  
Trembles with joy in leaf and limb.

Is there a rarer day in June  
Than his Sir Launfal's?—Who but he  
Dares to translate the cat-bird's tune,  
Or write the bobo-link's ecstasy?

To Arcady he knows the way.—  
Lo! his Enchanted Woodland, where  
Your own lost childhood comes to play  
With you, beside the Fountain there.

The poet's youth is in his song:  
Its Elf-Land bells around him chime:  
Old Time goes singing with him! Long  
Up his own Footpath may he climb!

LUCY LARCOM.

### "UNEKAL TO THE OCCASION."

I cannot say in prose or verse,  
In article or laboured lay,  
The thing that is complete and terse—  
The happy thing that he would say.  
So I wish (in a mixture of both) many  
Happy Returns of the Day.

CASTLECLIFF, ST. ANDREWS, } ANDREW LANG.  
February 5, 1889.

In answer to your favor of the 13th, I commend heartily the intention of THE CRITIC to celebrate Mr. Lowell's coming anniversary. His career, regarding it all in all, to me seems more illustrious than that of any other now living American. Like Chaucer, more like Goethe, he has attained high eminence both as a man of letters and as a man of affairs. He has acted, and he has dreamed; and I think it was a wise saying of Laboulaye that 'some of the things that we dream are more real than the things we see.' Mr. Lowell has been a great teacher, not only to the cultured, but to the multitudes who are not, and who are poor and who are burdened. His sympathy with these shines through all his work as a statesman and as a poet. No man of our time has more carefully studied their needs, nor been more courageous in announcing and maintaining his convictions regarding the means for their relief. Indeed, in my judgment, we have never had a poet who had more exalted conceptions of the most important ends of poetry, and so been more competent to impart to all, the refined and the rude,

Promptings their former life above,  
And something of a finer reverence  
For beauty, truth, and love.

With all my heart I join with you in extending congratulations for what he has done in so various ways, and for the remains of strength in all his being for the performance of his yet unfinished work.

BALTIMORE, 33 W. NORTH AVE., } R. M. JOHNSTON.  
Feb'y 16, 1889.

### DR. HOLMES'S TRIBUTE

I hope to find another opportunity of paying my tribute to the genius, the learning the great and varied powers of my admirable friend, Mr. Lowell.

I wish in this communication to do nothing more than make an acknowledgment of a debt which I owe to him. I have been before the public as a writer from an early period of my life, but I date what if I were writing in my private diary I should call my literary *renaissance*, to the influence of Mr. Lowell. When *The Atlantic Monthly* was first established he was asked to be its editor. He agreed to accept the place, but insisted that I should write for the magazine. He laid so much stress on my becoming a contributor that I at last consented, and so its readers had a series of breakfasts spread before them, all owing to Mr. Lowell's insisting on my coöperation. So, as in the 'Bab ballad' the 'elderly naval man' represented

A bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

Mr. Lowell may be considered as in a certain sense responsible for the three personages who successively presided at my morning banquets. I hope this will not be counted against his great services to literature, to his country and to the world.

BOSTON, Feb. 15th, 1889.

O. W. HOLMES.

#### LOWELL IN CAMBRIDGE

No one can fully understand Lowell's poetry or prose without viewing it in connexion with the home of his birth and childhood, to which he was always most loyally bound and of which he said that it was nearer than simply native clay. Fredrika Bremer remarked of him, on her visit in 1849, that he was the only American she had met whose children had been born in the same house where their father had first seen the light. That fine old house is still standing, within half a mile of my own door. The estate is now divided among various heirs, and part of it is for sale, which is the case also with the somewhat similar property of Professor Norton, at the other end of Cambridge, these two being the only estates now left in the city which preserve something like an ancestral air. But Lowell still owns the house, and he, or his daughter Mrs. Burnett, with her children, may yet reside there again. The noble elms and oaks and pines still stand; and even the 'herons of Elmwood,' which Longfellow celebrated, still sometimes perch on these trees at night, although the old heronry in the Fresh Pond marshes is long since devastated. There the poet wrote his outdoor prose essays; there he heard the robin and the bobolink, in boyhood, when birds and flowers and he 'were happy peers' as he exquisitely says. There he watched the dandelions and buttercups, and described them with his accustomed accuracy as growing together on the lawn—as they do every year on mine, in late May and early June—however improper and unjustifiable this combination may seem to Mr. Burroughs. From the upper windows of this house you can look down the causeway, now called 'Mount Auburn Street,' as far as the willows, part of which are now enclosed in the Casino grounds:

those unshorn few  
Those six old willows at the causey's end  
Such trees Paul Potter never dreamed nor drew.

These trees link Lowell through two hundred and fifty years with the 'pallysadoe' built at that distance of time around the young settlement of Cambridge, of which these willows, like the willows of Holmes Field, well known to students, are probably the memorial. Near the willows spread the wide Charles River marshes, where he watched in boyhood 'the lusty mowers wading to the knee' and whence he drew perhaps the most felicitous image in his 'Biglow Papers,'

Lonesome ez staddles on a ma'sh, there ain't no hayricks on,|||  
—the staddles being the groups of imbedded stakes on which the hayricks rest.\* Near these marshes once showed itself what he tenderly celebrates as 'Simond's darkening hill'—more real and dear than the Grönigar Hill of English

verse to Lowell's and my boyhood, but long since carted away in loads of gravel to repair the still inadequate highways of Cambridge. It will be a piece of delicious historic recompense if Simond's Hill is again to be restored to us in imagination, as my neighbor Prof. Horsford promises, as being the veritable site of 'Leif's Booths' during the visit of the Norsemen.

Less perishable than Simond's Hill there still stand a few apple-trees near the river, which in days of boyish bathing we named 'the Bower of Bliss' from their cooling shade. We younger boys took the name from Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' which the older boys,—Lowell, Story and my elder brother, long since dead,—used to read at recess-time or in the evenings. For while I am proud to have been Lowell's schoolmate and fellow-townsman, I am always compelled to place him at disadvantage—the only way in which I can ever hope to do so—by emphasizing the fact that he was, after all, one of the older and I one of the younger schoolboys. Mr. Emerson used to say that he did not wish to have his seventieth birthday celebrated, because at seventy years he must bid farewell to youth. There is, to be sure, no striking evidence of this necessity in Lowell's case; yet I must cling to the fact that for nearly five years more I may regard him with the cruel and unwelcome deference which youth pays to age.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Feb. 17, 1889.

It seems to me that Mr. James Russell Lowell combines more perfectly than any other living writer the fine old Greek conception of the gentleman-scholar: the man *καλός καὶ ἀγαθός* who figures in Plato's dialogues. There are plenty of scholars who are no gentlemen, plenty of gentlemen who are no scholars; but where else shall we find a man whose 'gentleness' is as rare as his scholarship, whose erudition is worn as lightly as a flower, and who is as capable of negotiating a treaty between nations as of writing an epigram? A great Frenchman speaks of a man whose brain was so saturated with ideas that, like a sponge saturated with alcohol, it was in danger of spontaneous combustion. Does not Mr. Lowell perpetually illustrate this sort of 'combustion,'—the combustion of ideas that burn without ever being consumed, that sparkle with an electricity of their own, that come as spontaneously as the light grow out of the alcohol, that fill a 'cathedral' with their radiance, or kindle an insurrection, or glow on the uplifted taper of a great commemorative ode? Plenty of people, too, have heat without light, or light without electricity, or electricity without magnetism; There are warm writers that never illumine, luminous writers that never thrill. Mr. Lowell is to me the magnetic writer combining all these,—warm, illuminative, awakening, spell-weaving. A style encrusted like his with wit and imagination and the delicate crystallizations of poetry is the result of high gifts. Our civilization seems to have afforded no richer synthesis than this: man, scholar, poet, essayist, statesman.

LEXINGTON, VA.

JAMES A. HARRISON.

Seventy years! My first thought was: Impossible! And then came Emerson's lines—

Olympian bards who sang divine ideas below,  
Which always find us young and always keep us so.

Surely, too, 'and always keep them so.'

Emerson, too, helped out my second thought; for, with your note open in my hand, my slight acquaintance with Mr. Lowell hardly seemed to justify a letter of congratulation from me. But, sings Emerson:—

I am the owner of the sphere,  
Of the seven stars and the solar year,  
Of Caesar's hand, and Plato's brain,  
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.

If this be so, if we are all eldest sons in the heritage of

thought,—why then advance boldly, take Cæsar by the hand,  
and utter fearlessly thy ‘Hail! and God speed!’

Among the few letters that I keep is one from Mr. Lowell—a criticism and an encouragement—both of service. Doubtless he has forgotten it. In any case, this tribute is a crumb of the bread cast upon the waters, returning after many days.

HANOVER, N. H., }  
Feb. 16th, 1889.

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

It was my duty, a few years ago, to preside at the annual dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, because Mr. James Russell Lowell, the President, was absent on other duty in Europe. One of the younger Cambridge men came to me, and begged me not to ‘trot out the old stagers,’ but to let them hear, in the speaking, some of the younger men.

To whom I made this reply: ‘Tell me which of the young men are to be the poets or the philosophers or the statesmen of America forty years hence, and I will trot them out. We knew as well in 1838, the day that Mr. Lowell graduated, that he was to be the first poet in America, as we know now that he is the first poet. Tell me who, from among the graduating class, is to be the first poet in America in the year 1900, and I will call him out, and he shall say all he wants to.’

I like to repeat the anecdote in your jubilee paper, because it shows well enough how distinctly Mr. Lowell had shown, even in his college life, what he was and what he was to be. I could send you one or two bits of verse, which he had printed then,—which seem to me very good, and which he has not included in the collections of his poems; but if he is reserving them to be the attraction of some future volume, why should I disappoint him?

ROXBURY, MASS., Feb. 13, 1889. EDWARD E. HALE.

Lowell, to trace thy likeness who shall dare?  
No common dower is thine; a genial wit,  
A swarm of teeming fancies exquisite,  
Elves at their gambols taken unaware;  
Sound learning, and a judgment ripe and rare;  
A heart to Fatherland and Freedom knit;  
A mind for every gracious office fit,  
Broad as the ocean, liberal as the air.  
Thy Muse no feeble or exotic strains  
Yields, and the rhetorician's frippery spurns;  
The homely speech of thy true-hearted swains  
Rings fresh and lusty as the song of Burns;  
And o'er thy martyr-hero's loved remains  
In deathless eloquence thy spirit yearns.

EDWARD J. HARDING.

‘To stay at home is best,’ as Mr. Longfellow remarks. By being from home, I lost the timeliness of your birthday-party invitation, for which I thank you a great deal. My poetries are badly out of gear, and I would not have dared, at any rate, to flourish my *bouts-rimes* in Mr. Lowell’s presence; but I should have been very proud to put in a word of real and enduring homage, as best I could. I knew parts of the great ‘Commemoration Ode’ as soon as I knew my prayers; family evidence goes to prove that I got the two nobly mixed. It is an astonishing thing that Mr. Lowell should be seventy! But who would mind that, in the face of such a salvo of love and praise as THE CRITIC can give him? I should like to be seventy—if I could be Mr. Lowell.

BOSTON, Feb. 20th, '89. LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Poet and critic, seer and statesman true,—  
All these is Lowell: his the singing tongue,  
The guiding hand, the sight that pierces through  
The shifting veil before Truth’s altar hung.

JOSEPH B. GILDER.

#### MR. GLADSTONE’S CONGRATULATION

I cordially join in the proposed congratulation to Mr. Lowell: and I trust that America may for a long time yet to come be adorned by his living character and genius, as she will assuredly in after years cherish his fame.

Your most faithful and obedient,

NAPLES, Jan. 31, '89.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

#### TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Navies nor armies can exalt the state,—  
Millions of men, nor coined wealth untold;  
Down to the pit may sink a land of gold;  
But one great name can make a country great.

February, 1889.

RICHARD W. GILDER.

#### PRESIDENT GILMAN’S HEARTY RESPONSE

I will heartily join in any congratulations that may be offered to Mr. Lowell, on his seventieth birthday, by those who hold in grateful remembrance his influence upon the intellectual life of this country, as scholar, teacher, editor, critic, lecturer, essayist, orator and poet. Like the bee he has tasted the flowers of many fields; like the bee he has filled the hive with honey having its own distinctive flavor. If his tastes have led him over the wide realms of literature, his heart is American, first, last, and always.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, } DANIEL C. GILMAN.

February 15, 1889.

It is we who are to be congratulated on the advent of this happy anniversary. We have reason to bless that fostering Fairy who seventy years ago happened the little baby, and

avec de gais refrains  
Calmait le cri de ses premiers chagrins.

For the promise which the man fulfilled in Poetry, in Letters, and in Diplomacy, there will be no lack of praise from those who are far more competent than I to give it. For myself I am glad of the chance to add my weak treble to the chorus, and to say how proud I am of a fellow-countryman who long ago showed the English-speaking world that America could produce not only a scholar who is a thorough master of textual and verbal criticism in Early and Elizabethan English, but a poet also who possesses that higher gift of sympathetic insight and interpretation. The world must see days very different from any it has yet seen, if, wherever Chaucer and Shakespeare are studied, Lowell be forgotten. This ‘pyramid’ of fame assuredly cannot prove to be a ‘pillar of snow.’ It is, indeed, no small tribute, in itself, to Mr. Lowell that we should all be thus ready to praise him to his face. But we know the excellence of the stuff whereof he is made; ‘tis in grain, sir, ‘twill endure wind and weather.’ ‘The prospect of the applause of posterity,’ says Mrs. Jameson finely, ‘is like the sound of the distant ocean, that elevates the mind; but present applause flung directly in one’s face is like the spray of the same ocean tossed against the rocks, and requiring a rock to bear it.’

Hackneyed though the phrase may be, it rises instinctively from the heart, and for Mr. Lowell we breathe again Horace’s prayer: ‘Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque Lætus intersis populo.’

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 18. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

I should be proud to see my name among those of Mr. Lowell’s friends. I happen to be very busy at this present, and can’t tell you how heartily I thank Heaven for him and for the admirable work he has done and for the man that he is. My son has sent you a word of congratulation. I say ditto and again ditto to whatever he has said. May our friend live a thousand years!—Heaven bless him!

1426 PINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA. W. H. FURNESS.

I can add nothing to what is sure to be said in praise of Mr. Lowell; but I can congratulate him on reaching the age of seventy years without decline of his force, but with an added mellowness of thought and style; and I can congratulate ourselves on the possession of so true an American, of a man who unites the hopefulness of the New World with the culture of the Old. If we had more such we should never speak of our 'experiment' but of our great success.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

118 MARLBOROUGH STREET,  
BOSTON, Feb'y 14, 1889.

When I was a student at Harvard, Mr. Lowell was one of my favorite teachers. I read the *Divina Commedia* with him twice, and that was something to be remembered with pleasure for the rest of one's life. Of his immortal work as poet, satirist, and critic, there is no need for me to speak. As for his political essays and his address on Democracy, no American citizen's education is complete without them. For my greeting at this time, as any poor words of mine would be inadequate, I cannot do better than quote his own, on the birthday of a brother poet:

Long days be his, and each as lusty sweet  
As gracious natures find his song to be;  
May Age steal on with softly cadenced feet  
Falling in music, as for him were meet  
Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 13, 1889. JOHN FISKE.

I should be sorry to neglect any suitable opportunity to express my admiration and esteem of Mr. Lowell. It is a privilege to congratulate him on his safe arrival at one of the landmarks in life's journey. In his case, however, it is not length of days, but the fact that they have been so brilliant and have been so nobly spent, that stirs within us warm and grateful thoughts. Mr. Lowell is a man whom to know is to love. Poet and critic at once, like the famous Lessing; a delightful humorist withal, and a citizen of stainless courage and honor who has filled worthily high public stations—how shall we press into a brief catalogue the various titles to respect which belong to him? And how can we think of one so genial and so full of the spirit of youth as a septuagenarian? I believe that Mr. Lowell of late has incurred the displeasure of some of the politicians, but only in a degree just sufficient to enable him to escape the woe pronounced on those of whom all men speak well. His fame is safe in the keeping of men-of-letters who know how to prize rare gifts of genius and graces of culture, of patriotic Americans who care more for country than for party, and of the host of readers on both sides of the ocean who will never forget 'Hosea Biglow.'

YALE UNIVERSITY, Feb. 14, 1889. GEORGE P. FISHER.

It is easy to sing 'Hail to the Chief' now that Mr. Lowell, turning his three score and ten, is universally recognized as the best 'all round' man-of-letters that America has produced. I can remember when those of us who held this view of his position were considered heretics. But that which is heresy green is often orthodoxy when it has time to mature. I am only a poor prosler; there is no verse in me; yet, if I may venture to say so, Mr. Lowell has been my master more than any one else. He showed us how to combine a genuine Americanism with a scholarly catholicity, a rare and piquant humor with dignity and refinement. All parallels are bad, but he is in some sense our Chaucer,—the man of scholarship, of diplomacy, of foreign courts, who yet is the master in a humorous portrayal of the thought and speech of his own people. His magnanimous appreciation of the first lines I ever printed on the subject of American dialect and his cordial encouragement and wise advice gave me heart to go on, so that I have reasons personal for bowing to the master with reverence and affection to-day.

NEW YORK, February, 1889. EDWARD EGGLESTON.

It is both a pleasure and a privilege to join in celebrating the seventieth birthday of one who is crowned at this anniversary, not only with the laurels that belong to a great poet, but with the full recognition of a manly and courageous life; a life which has made its impress on the times, and is more than ever useful now in its rich maturity.

There are advantages, I find, in being older than some other folk. One is, that we elders remember much that our juniors must receive on hearsay evidence. For instance, I was a young schoolgirl when Mr. Lowell's first book of poems, 'A Year's Life' was printed in 1841—a thin, modest, drab-colored volume that lies before me now, with the imprint of C. C. Little and J. Brown on the title-page. Somewhere in my garret I am sure there is at this moment a number of some old monthly—was it Mrs. Kirkland's *Union Magazine*?—in which 'The Dandelion' first shed its gold, and its young lover sang of it exultingly, 'Thou art my tropics and mine Italy.'

So I can claim long acquaintance with the poet, beginning as far back as when he wrote,—

Hope first the youthful poet leads,  
And he is glad to follow her.

When hope has led to attainment, probably wider and greater than the young man of that distant time dared to expect, there is little one can offer to Mr. Lowell on this anniversary of his birth except a word of greeting and thanksgiving; and this comes now without the asking, from the whole great world of men and letters.

THE MAPLES, RUTLAND, VT. JULIA C. R. DORR.  
Feb. 15th, 1889.

I accept your invitation most gladly, as I do every opportunity of expressing my honor and admiration for a man whose services to his country have been so many and so great as those of Mr. Lowell. There are few men who are now active leaders of American thought and opinion in their noblest directions who are not profoundly indebted to the genius which has irradiated, charmed and purified their lives with the poet's song; guided and strengthened them as citizens by the lofty wisdom of the patriot and statesman; instructed and amazed them by the rich resources of the scholar, and inspired them by the instinctive rectitude, the delightful wit and quick sympathy of the man. In a country where we worship the majority, Mr. Lowell has shown us the power of manly independence, and he is himself the illustration of the truth which he commands to the meditation of his countrymen, 'The measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind.'

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.  
WEST NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., }  
February 15th, 1889.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The old and the new, the sublime and the grotesque, have alike been used by your genius and stamped with your individuality. Pieria never boasted a fitter priest. Your countrymen gratefully greet you at your threescore and ten, not as at the limit of life, but as at one of the festive days of an endless youth. God sends his teachers unto every age. You will be a teacher to all ages.

Feb. 22, 1889.

HOWARD CROSBY.

MY DEAR MR. LOWELL:

Though we have met, I think, but once, and though that meeting was a short one, my acquaintance with you dates from the beginning of my memory. The courtesy of THE CRITIC affords me the privilege of joining my congratulations to those of others, nearer to you by friendship as well as in reputation. Most gladly I avail myself of the oppor-

tunity to wish you all manner of good in the future. May you come to fourscore years, and yet not find your strength turned to sorrow and weakness. May the laurel which shot up with you in your youth, and which will twine new leaves about your memory in a century not yet begun, spread its broad branches over the home of your age, and cast its pleasant shadows in the shade of your well-earned rest.

Very faithfully yours,

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

It is with genuine pleasure that I respond to your invitation to contribute my public greeting to Mr. Lowell on his seventieth birthday. It seems hardly possible that twenty years have elapsed since I had the great honor and pleasure of being invited by my old friend to his home at Elmwood, Cambridge, to help to celebrate his fiftieth anniversary. We were a party of less than a dozen, if I remember, and passed a delightful evening. The occasion was entirely informal. There were no speeches, no reporters; and the only versifier was the author of this reminiscence. A few evenings later there was a dinner in Boston, at which there were more elaborate testimonials. But this was before the days of the ubiquitous interviewers—and some years before our friend was singled out for his embassy to Spain, and afterwards to England—two of the most fortunate hits the Administration of that day ever made. It is needless for me to dwell upon his remarkable and well-known success in both these distinguished stations. It was an experiment not too often tried by the American Government to choose a poet and scholar, whose life had been a purely literary one, for our national representative in two of the great courts of Europe.

This public life—these untried duties, where the interests of three great nations were involved—here was a great sea of troubles, but doubtless of satisfactions too, into which he plunged fearlessly and with that habitual self-reliance and integrity of purpose so characteristic of him. The remarkable facility and felicity with which he entered these ‘fields and pastures new,’ and met these international duties, have, I think, never been over-estimated. And yet I know, from conversation with him during the first year of his experience in London, that there were times when he grew weary of the eternal but unavoidable round of court ceremonies, dinners and receptions. What a different life from that he so many years passed in his quiet tree-shaded study at Elmwood! It was however an opportunity he otherwise would have missed of becoming acquainted with the best men and women in the higher social circles of England. Mr. Lowell has been found fault with for liking England too well. But it has never made him one inch the less a true American. One great service he has done better than many American diplomatists, that of furthering a peaceful if not cordial intercourse between the two nations.

While we remember in private life his rare social qualities, in his public capacity he has commanded the respect of all the most unbiased minds by the wise, fearless and manly stand he has taken for political reform. His life seems to have overshadowed for a while at least that of the poet and literary critic. But I am sure that in both these departments he will in the future stand very high, if not the highest, in the estimation of the best judges. Nothing written of late in England on America can be better than his best essays. And as a poet, besides having given us an unparalleled humorous classic in ‘The Biglow Papers,’ has he not in his Commemorative Odes rivalled some of the foremost singers of the century, in this or in the Old World?

And now we greet him to-day, not as in the decline, but as still in the maturity of his strength; and shall still expect from him some of his best work in verse and in prose. But he has lived long enough and wisely, faithfully and genially enough, to make his life itself a noble poem.

Feb. 18, 1889.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

### J. R. L.

Threescore and ten! Yet laurels grow  
Greener above each trace of snow.  
Old Time, your record proves untrue,  
‘Tis rosemary that you christen rue:  
Your ancient eyes are blind with light,  
This is high noon, not darkening night.  
Lay down your scythe, your hour-glass turn,  
Your code of morals newly learn.  
Lie not in vain, but own the truth  
That genius is eternal youth:  
That years are specks of sunny dust,  
—If count the sparkling crowd you must,—  
Whose bright procession never ends  
For him who makes the whole world friends.  
You cannot tarnish nor destroy  
The poet’s life, the poet’s joy:  
For him the Spring renews its prime  
Careless of Winter’s threatening rime;  
For him new powers of Nature throng  
To fill with fire his deathless song:  
And hearts that worship at his feet  
Though days pass by them, winged and fleet,  
Lost in their worship and delight,  
Regard not such a futile flight;  
They see but showering leaves of bay  
New coronals for every day.  
The threats of Time shall daunt them never—  
For us our poet lives forever.

Feb. 22d, 1889.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

### THE GIFTS OF THE OAK

‘There needs no crown to mark the forest’s king.’  
Thus, long ago, thou sang’st the sound-heart tree  
Sacred to sovereign Jove, and dear to thee  
Since first, a venturous youth with eyes of spring,—  
Whose pilgrim-staff each side put forth a wing,—  
Beneath the oak thou lingeredst lovingly  
To crave, as largesse of his majesty,  
Firm-rooted strength, and grace of leaves that sing.  
He gave; we thank him! Graciousness as grave,  
And power as easel as his own he gave;  
Long broodings rich with sun, and laughter kind;  
And singing leaves, whose later bronze is dear  
As the first amber of the budding year,—  
Whose voices answer the autumnal wind.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

I remember the touch of trouble, that came to stay, the first time anyone called me an old man. I did not like it, or the man who said it so heedlessly—a woman would have known better. Nor do I quite like to hear the term now, though I use it rather freely; and not seldom I fear that I may beguile those on whose insight, or love, I set most store, to say, ‘Why do you call yourself an old man when it is not true?’

And so I am not so sure as I would like to be, that the dear and good friend of two nations we greet on his 70th birthday may not feel ready to ‘greet,’ as the Scotch say, over our felicitations. Still they will pour these in from far and wide, who are nearest to him and dearest, or bring them; and so we may venture also to be of the good company in this way, and on the day so sacred to us, fore-ordained for his birthday.

And all the more gladly because we never can think of him as an old man. He has drunk of the fountain of immortal youth, and poured its waters through song and psalm, and the fine wine of his later years in words and deeds that make us all his debtor.

So we must all desire and pray that this may be only one of the nobler way-marks, and most welcome, so far, among

the decades, for all good reasons; and that he may attain to another, and if it please God still another, and find them all so full of grace to him and strength to be and do, that we shall feel like wishing he had known Mr. Lowell who sang the monody: 'The days of our years are three score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, so soon it is cut off and we flee away.'

THE STRATHMORE, NEW YORK, } ROBERT COLLYER.  
February 18, 1889.

## LORD COLERIDGE'S ADMIRATION AND REGARD

I am much obliged by your letter. I have known Mr. Lowell—I might almost claim to have been his friend—for many years, and as a consequence I hold him in great admiration and regard. But I could not do justice to my feeling for him both on public and private grounds in a short note; and the pressure of business upon me absolutely prevents my attempting anything further.

Your obliged and faithful servant,  
I SUSSEX SQUARE, LONDON, W., } COLERIDGE.  
3d February, 1889.

With all my heart I join the grateful company that offers birthday greetings to Mr. Lowell. As much as any living American he fulfills our best ideal of a man-of-letters. Scholarship and high art have never separated him from the people, but have illuminated and energized his citizenship. Pure morals, noble aims, public integrity, international equity, universal human fellowship—all these he has served and still serves with a son's devotion and a master's power, and makes the nation and the nations his debtors. Let this be his American title of nobility, and let the thankful self-gratulations of a sovereign people, that after seventy years he is still with us in health and masterful activity, be his royal decorations.

PARADISE ROAD, NORTHAMPTON, MASS., } G.W. CABLE.  
Feb'y 16, 1889.

I have waited till the last moment hoping that I might be able to write you something for your Lowell birthday issue worthy the occasion, but I see now I shall not. I can only send my greetings and congratulations, which I do with a right good will. Mr. Lowell is a man to whom we all look up, and to whom we all owe a debt of gratitude, aside from his contributions to letters, for his steady efforts in behalf of International Copyright. His word upon whatever subject spoken, carries authority and power. He keeps alive the tradition of poets and scholars, who, like Sidney and Raleigh, are also men of affairs. If Massachusetts would now at her next opportunity send him to the United States Senate, she would do herself credit and the whole country a signal benefit.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1889. JOHN BURROUGHS.

We do not see in America,—perhaps in no country do men see,—many harmonious characters. Genius, especially, real or imagined, is everywhere permitted to be eccentric without rebuke. Therefore it is not only a pleasure to have the way opened for expressing honest admiration towards a distinguished man, before the time of chiselled lines has come, but it is also a public service to invite utterances, as THE CRITIC does, about veritable genius that is versatile, well-balanced, uplifted by faith and buttressed by integrity. I hardly know what to rate most highly in Mr. Lowell,—the diplomatic tact and courtesy, the literary acuteness, the delicate but substantial humour, the pungent satire, or the strong, clean flight of the imagination, but I am sure that the worth of them all is multiplied many times by the sturdy manhood, the deep hopeful patriotism, and the unfailing loftiness of ideals, with which, in his own person, he has made us familiar. Who can do justice to a life so vigorous

and so refined,—and in both regards so beneficent? One is tempted to wish that Mr. Lowell, retaining all his gifts, might cease to be himself just long enough to record that appreciative, thorough and graceful estimate of himself which we should delight in for the music of it, and which we should all recognize as a just judgment.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, } FRANCIS BROWN.  
NEW YORK, Feb. 18, 1888.

I wish that I had better right than I can claim to join the number of those who will greet Mr. Lowell on his seventieth birthday. But at least I am one of the many who are glad that he has lived, and lived so long.

To have been for a half-century (and such a half-century!) the Prophet of Beauty and Righteousness to a people who have rejoiced to listen, must fill the Prophet's soul with thankfulness and joy. They who have listened may certainly be thankful and joyful too.

233 CLarendon Street, Boston, } PHILLIPS BROOKS.  
Feb'y 16, 1889.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
(ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY)

## I.

Staunch thou stand'st and stately  
With thy seventy years;  
Singer, sage and statesman,  
First among thy peers.

## II.

Gifted with sonorous  
Speech, so sweet and strong;  
Gifted with the glorious  
Bugle-notes of song.

## III.

Richer crown of laurel  
Never can be thine,  
Than for Harvard's heroes  
Nobly thou didst twine.

## IV.

Grave with weightiest wisdom,  
Gay with lightest mirth;  
Fairest fruit and ripest  
Of the newest earth!

## V.

May the sun of evening,  
With its gentle fire,  
Wake the mellow music  
Of thy silent lyre.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

Your invitation to join in a birthday greeting to Mr. Lowell will find no heartier response than mine. But are you sure that this is his *seventieth* anniversary? And can it be that it was a quarter of a century ago, and not just the other day, that he read his 'Commemoration Ode' at Cambridge? On receiving your note I took down my copy of 'Under the Willows,' and there, sure enough, was the date on the title-page—1869. We were undergraduates then; not Harvard undergraduates, it is true, yet we felt as much right to be proud of Lowell as if we had been privileged to see him every day in the street, or to attend the lectures which afterwards gave us so much delight and instruction in the pages of 'Among my Books' and 'My Study Windows.'

I remember to have got by heart, in those days, a great part of the 'Commemoration Ode' and all of 'The Foot Path' and 'A Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire,' just as, a few years before, I had got by heart most of the 'Biglow Papers.'

And then 'The Cathedral.' That came out just in time to

shed an illumination as of stained-glass windows over the 'dusky purlieus of the law' where we were grinding over the Code, in the city whose bench was then adorned by Justices Barnard, Cardozo *et al.*, and whose courts were believed to be controlled largely in the interests of that financier who had

Living, Gould's friendship; dead, the tears of Tweed.

Mr. Lowell has served his country in many ways and he has lent his powers of eloquence and scorn to many honest causes, from Anti-slavery to International Copyright. He and Whittier are almost the last of a generation of poets whose work was dignified by a large public spirit. There is little in the way of success or recognition which is not already his, and it remains only for his countrymen to wish him a long Indian summer—not without the occasional 'sound of dropping nuts,' whenever the muse is kind.

LITCHFIELD, Feb. 16, 1889.

HENRY A. BEERS.

Despite your call I doubt my right to be in your list as one having a privilege to praise. 'Laudari a laudato viro.' After this Latin motto, approval from those who are approved is still the only measure of value in a tribute from offering which, therefore, one shrinks. It must be some Sir Hubert Stanley from whom English compliment can get its proverbial worth: Mr. Lowell will have eulogy in your columns from many whose title comes of their own personal distinction. If it be true that diamond cuts, and that diamond-dust polishes, the diamond, what scores of gems will be touchstones of the one which THE CRITIC is ready to set! Few men among us have acted so well in so many parts, whether we 'hear him reason,' perhaps with rhymed periods, 'in divinity,' or 'debate of commonwealth affairs.'

'Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter.'

'When he speaks  
The air, a chartered libertine, is still.'

Alike expert in verse and prose, he cannot miss common consent of admiration for his rank among American essayists, orators, singers and seers. Let me, in my incompetence, turn our poet over for his award of recognition to my quotations from Shakspeare, prince of poets. But he will have it from all parties and every voice and hand.

C. A. BARTOL.

#### PRESIDENT BARNARD'S APPRECIATION

Your announcement that our distinguished poet and statesman, Lowell, has attained his seventieth year is one that I find it difficult to realize. He has been with us so long a source of perennial literary fancy and humor, that it is impossible to think of him as growing old. I feel impelled to apply to him his own apostrophe to Holmes—

You with the elders? Yes, 'tis true,  
But in no sadly literal sense,—  
With elders and co-equals too,  
Whose verb admits no preterite tense.

Mr. Lowell has won celebrity in so many fields, that it is difficult to say in which he has been most distinguished. His success as a diplomatist has almost effaced the bright reputation which he won in the poetic arena, but his services to the spirit of patriotism as well as to letters, which he rendered in the inimitable pictures which he drew in the character of Birdofredum Sawin, will never be forgotten by his countrymen. Mr. Lowell has certainly left far behind him all rivals who have occupied themselves in the satiric field of American or English literature. At the same time his poems are marked by a kindness of tone equalled only by their indescribable keenness of wit. He has never written a line which would be likely to occasion pain to any human being, unless we make a single exception of 'John P. Robinson, he,' who thought 'they didn't know every thing down in Judee.'

It is sad to think of Mr. Lowell as beginning to descend the down hill of life, but he will be accompanied with the benedictions of multitudes to whose enjoyment he has so largely contributed. I beg to add my congratulations to those of the numerous friends and admirers who will greet him on the completion of his seventieth year.

F. A. P. BARNARD.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1889.

I am glad of a chance to make known my gratitude to Mr. Lowell, and with the congratulations that will be offered him on the seventieth anniversary of his birth to mingle my own. We try to write the history of literature, we try to find out what mind determined in another mind the genesis of a work of art. But Erato sings to us, and touched by her song we go in search of Calliope; Thalia plays to us, and inspired by laughter we turn aside to weep with Mel-pomene. If, therefore, Mr. Lowell ever bends his look southward in these degenerate days, and scans with eyebrows raised a certain upstart progeny of verse and story, let him know of a surety that, although the plantation youngsters seem obscurely or even most mysteriously fathomed, they come of a good clean stock, and in more cases than he may imagine lay claim to an illustrious grandparent.

This is a wild midwinter day down here. In a sea of surging winds the tender ashes shiver in despair of clothing themselves with green, and the mistletoe shrinks on the boughs of the great walnuts. But the poetry of earth is ceasing never. To-day I heard the first blue-bird; to-day I saw the first sparrow tug at a blade of bluegrass and fly chirruping with it to the hidden eaves. And in a dead garden, I found the Snow-Drop pushing aside the frost-locked earth. I lifted my hat to it, I received its message: Bravo, Mr. Lowell!—green at such a time, and wearing in your heart always the white flower of Poesy!

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, } JAMES LANE ALLEN.  
17 February, 1889.

With men like Lowell (I speak as if there were many such men!) time does not count. Why should we measure off and emphasize a trifling fifty or sixty or seventy years of an existence that is to continue indefinitely? If we must do something of the sort in Lowell's case, let us at least do it handsomely, and deal with his 270th birthday.—For a half century or so 'The Biglow Papers' has been a textbook in our advanced schools and colleges [just as Chaucer is now with us], and the Harvard 'Commemoration Ode' and 'The Washers of the Shroud' have long been recognized as the highest poetic utterance during that phenomenal war of 1861-5. No man, certainly no American, in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century had so various and admirable gifts—Poet, Wit, Moralist, Scholar, Diplomat, Gentleman. From his prose writings, a hundred wise and racy sayings have passed into our common speech. If one of our young poets fails to redeem the promise of his dawn, we instantly remember Lowell's characterization of earlier bards in the same predicament—rising geniuses that got stuck on the horizon! Indeed, this author has a phrase for almost every condition and circumstance of life, and always a *human* phrase. It was something worth while to be a contemporary of his.—Thus may we pleasantly anticipate posterity a little, just as Shakspeare—taking advantage of his being earlier on the ground—has anticipated us; for scattered through the plays and poems of the dramatist are innumerable descriptions of Lowell, and unmistakable references to him. May I instance a few of them?

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Love's Labor's Lost.*

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity.

*King Henry IV.*

Your praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity.

*Sonnet LV.*

Thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

*Hamlet.*

One that hath two gowns,\* and everything handsome about him.  
*Much Ado About Nothing.*

I do not think  
So fair an outward, and such stuff within  
Endows a man but he.

*Cymbeline.*

He was a scholar and a ripe and good one.  
*King Henry VIII.*

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder.

*Coriolanus.*

His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

*Julius Caesar.*

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

### Boston Letter

THE seventieth birthday of James Russell Lowell, which occurs on Friday, reminds me that our most gifted poets are getting on in years; though, being about ten years younger than Holmes, and eleven years younger than Whittier, Mr. Lowell may be considered, like Dr. Parsons, who is his junior by six months, as comparatively youthful. At all events, he does not look his age, and being a true poet, he is as young as the sentiments which give vitality and beauty to his verse. His youth is assured by keeping his faith in the progress of humanity and the interest in man and nature, which stirred his early poetic ardor, fresh and bright.

It seems to me that one of the best tests of vitality for a man of three score and ten is the ability to make a wise and brilliant after-dinner speech, in which it is apparent that the wine of sentiment and fancy has a substantial body. Mr. Lowell can do this, as well as higher work, and the last time I heard him, which was at a dinner of the Papyrus Club, it seemed to me as if years had only added to his powers as a post-prandial speaker. Unlike N. P. Willis, whom he describes in 'A Fable for Critics' as 'a glass of champagne with the foam on it,' Lowell's intellectual vintage is not dependent on fixed air for its sparkle.

What impresses one in Lowell, aside from the quality of his genius, is its versatility, which appears in the union of the ethereal sentiment and exquisite art of 'The Vision of Sir Launfal' (said to have been composed in a sort of frenzy in about forty-eight hours, during which the poet scarcely ate or slept), the satiric humor, tender pathos and insight into human nature of 'The Biglow Papers,' the lofty inspiration of 'A Commemoration Ode,' the solemn grandeur of 'The Cathedral,' the keen and sympathetic observation of 'Fireside Travels' and 'My Study Windows,' the critical acumen and learned wisdom of 'Among my Books,' and the grasp of political principles and the patriotic statesmanship displayed in 'Democracy.' The erudite style of his essays on the old authors has sometimes been criticised as pedantic, but it seems to me in keeping with the subject, and full of a rare flavor of scholarship, and I should be as loath to part with it as to give up the ponderous humor of Parson Wilbur's introduction and notes to 'The Biglow Papers.'

I am reminded that in 'Under the Willows,' which contains some of Mr. Lowell's most thoughtful and refined work, occur those suggestive references to Elmwood, his old Cambridge home, which is associated with the delights of his domestic life as well as with his literary development. 'My Elmwood chimneys seem crooning to me,' he writes in those pathetic lines to Charles Eliot Norton, on reaching what seemed to him the great age of forty-nine, in that vein of half-melancholy reminiscence and regret at the fading of early hopes; but the survival of friendship gives a compensating touch to the picture. It must have been with a wrench of the heart-strings that he gave up Elmwood even to the temporary oc-

cupancy of his friend, Mrs. Ole Bull, and now that he has given it up permanently, I suppose he will be less averse to having it cut up into house-lots than to have it tenanted by strangers.

Elmwood is a noble place, the grounds covering thirteen acres; they are more picturesque than Longfellow's, and further removed from the street, and though the old Colonial mansion is less imposing than that of the elder poet, the magnificent elms and pines planted by Mr. Lowell's father, and its nearer outlook upon the Charles River, give it a peculiar attractiveness. There is a historic interest to the ancient house from its having been the residence of Thomas Oliver, the last of the English Lieutenant-Governors, whose resignation was compelled by a mob of 4000 persons surrounding it. The other historic associations of the venerable mansion—its use as a hospital after the battle of Bunker Hill, and its official occupancy by Elbridge Gerry, Governor of Massachusetts (from whose name the word 'gerrymander' was derived, and who afterward became Vice-President of the United States), increase the feelings of regret with which its destruction must be viewed; and I lately heard a young lady express a regret of a different kind in saying that the Cambridge Archery Club would no longer be permitted to use the grounds at Elmwood, as during Mrs. Ole Bull's occupancy of the premises.

In Mr. Lowell's youth there was a rural aspect to the neighborhood of Elmwood, very fruitful in stimulus to his poetic nature, which could not have been so favorably developed among the more artificial conditions of to-day. There were fields and pastures, the haunts of shy birds and animals, where now are smooth lawns and ambitious villas. Brattle Street, on which the poet's home looks out and which has become the seat of fashion, was then a quiet road, unpeopled by horsecars, and traversed chiefly by farmers in their quaint wagons. Mount Auburn, the populous cemetery, which is close to Elmwood, was then 'Sweet Auburn,' a pasture where wild flowers grew in profusion. It was the racy talk of the teamsters and marketmen and farmers from which the author of 'The Biglow Papers' drew his imitable pictures of the rustic Yankee, and in his delightful sketch, 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago,' there are picturesque descriptions of original characters that show with what sympathetic appreciation he observed the life of the humble folk about him.

Mr. Lowell's kindly interest in unknown authors of ability is recalled to me by the fact, which has never before been made public, that it was upon his recommendation that 'Dierdré,' the noble epic of the late Dr. Robert D. Joyce, was accepted by the publishers; and it is an interesting coincidence that this poem, which was issued by Roberts Bros. as a volume of the No Name Series, is to be brought out this week for the first time with the author's name attached to it.

D. Lothrop & Co. are now fairly settled in their new store, which is in Washington Street near the Old South, and in the heart of the book trade. A pleasant view is had from the front windows up one of the quaint narrow passage-ways which do duty for streets here in Boston. It retains the name Bromfield, which belonged to it when it was a lane, and at its end may be seen that cheerful relic of colonial days, the Granary burying-ground, and towering above it, the gilded dome of the State House.

Mrs. G. R. Alden, so widely known under her pseudonym of 'Pansy,' has a new book in the press of D. Lothrop Co., and its name, 'A Sevenfold Trouble,' suggests that it is in the vein in which she has achieved a success which, while puzzling the critics, shows that despite her lack of literary technique she exerts a great influence by her purity of thought and directness of purpose. I am told that the annual sale of her books amounts to 200,000 volumes, which her publishers declare is twice as great as that of any other woman writer in America.

Mr. Henry Savage Landor, the painter, a grandson of the author of 'Imaginary Conversations,' expects to be in New York this week or next, on his way to California via Chicago. He has been a good deal of a traveller for his age, for he is scarcely out of his teens, and has basked in Egypt as well as Italian sunshine. Indeed, some of his best paintings reproduce the characteristic life and color of Cairo and other Oriental cities. His principal work is portrait-painting, in which he shows remarkable facility, dashing off likeness in an astonishingly short time. Among the persons whose portraits he has painted are Mr. Henry O. Houghton, of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and his partner, Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes. Mr. Landor never saw his illustrious grandfather, for he died about two years before he was born; but he told me that he painted a portrait of him from description, aided by his familiarity with the family features, which his father said was the best likeness ever made of the poet.

BOSTON, Feb. 18, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

\* In fact Mr. Lowell has five gowns.

### The Lounger

OVER THE mantlepiece in the main hall of The Players is this quatrain, said to have been written by Mr. Edwin Booth:

Good friend, for friendship's sake, forbear  
To utter what is gossip here  
In social chat,—lest, unawares,  
Thy tongue offend thy fellow-players.

The members of the Club have acted on this wise advice; but certain professional scandal-mongers in the newspapers have declared that there was a violent quarrel in the Club, that there was the utmost dissatisfaction with the management, that there were no actors at all in the Club, and that a certain notorious personality had been blackballed. The facts are that the Club is perfectly harmonious, that there has been no hint of a quarrel nor of any dissatisfaction, that the leading actors, dramatists and managers are being rapidly admitted to the Club, and that the notorious character was not blackballed because he was never proposed. The picture-gallery of the Club is receiving constant additions, and the library is growing rapidly. Mr. Booth's books have already been placed on the shelves, most of Mr. Lawrence Barrett's and an important series of volumes from Mr. Augustin Daly.

PROF. CHARLES CARROLL, who was buried last Sunday from the Chapel of the University of the City of New York, in Washington Square, was one of the cleverest of men, and one of the most cultivated. He was an excellent classic scholar (a member of the small and select Greek Club of this city), and so thoroughly at home in French and German as to speak both languages as fluently and correctly as he spoke English. I believe that his knowledge of Italian also was intimate. I have been told—how truly I do not know—that he was a classmate, at Harvard, of President Eliot and that they were so evenly matched as students, that the highest honors were divided between them. Mr. Carroll was a musical critic as well as a professor of modern languages; but the art in which he most excelled was that of recitation. No one could read Browning better than he; I have never heard anyone read him as well. He seemed to get more out of the lines than the poet himself had put into them—a harder thing to do in Browning's case than in that of any other living poet.

### The Fine Arts

#### Works of Art at the Union League

AT THE customary monthly exhibition of paintings at the Union League Club, Feb. 14–16, the following were among the best things shown: 'The Quinneiac River,' with scattered trees in their autumn foliage, by Robt. Eichelberger; 'Sand Hills on Buzzard's Bay,' by William Sartain; C. Y. Turner's 'Coppersmith,' a good study of the half-nude figure; 'La Cigarette,' a neat little Parisienne, by H. W. Watrous; George Fuller's 'Led through the Meadow'; J. F. Millet's sketch, 'Rape of Sabines'; Ch. J. Jacque's 'Sheep'; Benjamin Constant's 'Court of Lions—Alhambra' restored to its antique splendor; a 'Landscape' by J. C. Casin, with an old tower and farm buildings; Troyon's 'The Mother,' a group of sheep and lamb, strongly foreshortened; F. von Ude's 'Sermon on the Mount,' in which all the figures are modern German peasants; Henner's 'Marguerite in Prison'; and F. A. Bridgman's 'Street in Kashgar,' an unusually good example of this artist. A special feature of the exhibition was a show of antique Chinese porcelains in solid colors, gathered from the collections of Messrs. Chas. A. Dana, Brayton Ives, Thos. B. Clarke, and other New York amateurs. There was a case full of tall *sang de bœuf* vases, and another of extraordinary specimens of mirror black, rose, apple-green, pistache and other rare tints. Two smaller cases contained snuff-bottles and other small pieces of a great variety of colors and forms.

#### Art Notes

IN accepting the Presidency of the Metropolitan Museum of Art on the 12th inst., Mr. Henry G. Marquand paid a high tribute to the character and services of his predecessor, Mr. John Taylor Johnston, and expressed his sense of the increased responsibility put upon the Trustees and officers of the institution by its recent rapid growth. 'The example set by my predecessor, of steady pursuit, good judgment, and perfect loyalty to the best interests of the Museum, will be,' he said, 'the standard of action which I shall endeavor to follow.' No wiser choice of a successor to Mr. Johnston could possibly have been made. There has been no more liberal and progressive spirit than Mr. Marquand in the Board of Trustees of the Museum, and his devotion to its interests is no more clearly demonstrated by his recent gift of several hundred thousand dollars' worth of paintings, than by his long and effective service as one of

its officers. He is appreciative not only of the traditionally good in art, but of the aims and achievements of the newer schools as well. His acceptance of the Chairmanship of the Committee on Art and Exhibition of the Centennial Celebration of Washington's Inauguration—by no means an honorary post—is a further indication of his devotion to the cause of art.

—The ladies connected with the Garfield National Memorial Hospital at Washington propose, with the aid of Vice-President-elect Morton, who places his house at their disposal, to hold an exhibition of works of native American artists in oil and water-colors, the profits to be devoted to the above-named institution. The management of the affair is in the hands of Mr. N. E. Montross. No date for the opening has yet been set.

—An exhibition of oil-paintings, water-colors and pastels by Mr. Whistler will be held at Wunderlich's gallery before long. About sixty-five pictures are comprised in the collection, and they are said to be mainly of coast scenery.

—At a meeting held in Mr. Carroll Beckwith's studio on Monday evening, a committee was appointed, composed of Messrs. Kenyon Cox, H. R. Butler, Calvin Tomkins, Wm. M. Chase and F. D. Millet, to report a plan for a national organization, to embrace in its membership artists and art institutions throughout the United States, whose purpose shall be to secure the removal of the tax on imported works of art—a cause in which every American artist, art student and lover of art is profoundly interested.

—On Monday afternoon the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art accepted the gift of Mrs. John Crosby Brown's collection of musical instruments—the largest private collection of the kind in this country. With that of the late Joseph W. Drexel, which the Museum already possesses, it will make this department one of the most complete in existence.

—Maurice Bonvoisin is the real name of the popular French cartoonist, whose work, over the signature of 'Mars,' is a familiar name on both sides of the water. *The Argonaut* says of him:

He was born in Belgium in '49 and made his débüt in Paris in '72, by some excellent caricatures in a number of the *Journal Amusant*, attacking the Berlinese. As this was suppressed by the censors, the artist jumped into notoriety. He has since worked for *Charivari*, *l'Illustration*, *The Illustrated London News*, and *The Graphic*. His sketches of children are quite charming, and though his types of women and babies are all very much alike and more doll-like than natural, he has much *chic* in his style, and he is so accurate in delineating the fashions that his work is most popular, and now that Grévin is *en décadence*, he is better known than most black-and-white artists throughout Europe.

#### Notes

A CORRESPONDENT in Paris sends us word of the appearance of a book called 'The Blind, by a Blind Man' ('Les Aveugles, par un Aveugle'), published by Hachette. The author, M. Maurice de la Sizeranne, is a gentleman who has devoted his time and means to the welfare of his fellow-sufferers from the deprivation of light. He has founded a circulating library in Paris, in the Braille characters, which includes the classics, history and science, and novels by George Sand, Feuillet, and others. He also edits two papers for the blind. Our correspondent writes: " 'Les Aveugles' is a light and cheerful study of the psychology of the Blind and their place in society. It is not only the work of a philanthropist and Christian, but that of a delicate mind and alert man-of-letters."

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day 'A Quaker Girl of Nantucket,' by Mary Catherine Lee; 'The American Book of Church Services,' arranged by Rev. Edward Hungerford; and Saintine's 'Picciola,' with illustrations by Leopold Flameng (a new edition).

—Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, author of 'Lady Hamilton and Nelson,' is writing an additional volume, clearing the Queen of Naples from Lady Hamilton's charge of being the mother of Nelson's daughter Horatia.

—The valuable library of sporting literature belonging to Frederick R. Ryer will be sold at auction by Bangs & Co. on Feb. 25, 26, and 27. It comprises copies of many scarce editions of the best English and American works on angling, shooting, riding, and other rural sports.

—A series of six lectures on Dante and his writings will be given at All Souls' Church, West 48th Street, commencing on Monday Feb. 25 and continuing until Saturday next, at 3:30 P.M. each day. The lecturers will be Dr. Wm. T. Harris, Miss Katherine Hilliard and Prof. Thos. Davidson. Tickets may be obtained from Miss C. F. Daley, 105 W. 54th Street, or from the sexton at the Church. If the series proves a success, it will be continued next year.

*America* of Feb. 14 contains a post-card in fac-simile from the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, testifying to his study of Washington '40 years ago with love and admiration.' Although mailed at Chester, England, Nov. 30, and received at Chicago Dec. 12, the card was not delivered until Jan. 29.

—Mr. Froude is writing a novel describing wild country life in Ireland a century ago. According to *The Evening Post*, Lord Coleridge, addressing the Archaeological Society, describes Froude's history as a romance, and says he is a brilliant and fascinating writer, but that neither Oxford nor Cambridge includes him among the authorities in history at the examinations.

—Prof. Boyesen delivered an interesting lecture on Robert Browning in the Law School building of Columbia College last Monday morning.

—Rev. Dr. Homer Eaton has been chosen by the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church to fill the place left vacant by the death of Mr. John M. Phillips in the firm of Phillips & Hunt, managers of the Methodist Book Concern. The new firm-name will be Hunt & Eaton. The Committee reported aggregate sales for the past year amounting to nearly \$1,100,000, and directed a cash dividend of \$100,000 to be declared. The combined assets of the Western and Eastern 'concerns' were reported as being about \$2,750,000.

—Prof. Ira Remsen's 'Elements of Chemistry' has been translated into Japanese for use in the schools of that now constitutional country. The English edition of his 'Organic Chemistry' is already in use there.

—A correspondent writes:—'The query as to the meaning of the letters "V. C." affixed to the name of Col. Quaritch in Haggard's book (see *THE CRITIC*, Feb. 9, p. 64), is answered thus: The letters stand for the "Victoria Cross," a plain bronze decoration, more prized in the British army than any other award, because it is only granted for some conspicuous act of personal heroism in the field, and is pinned on the recipient's breast by the Queen herself.' What the reviewer 'queried' was, not the meaning of the letters, but the bearing of the title upon Mr. Haggard's story.

—Mr. P. A. Karey, its owner, has offered to the Park Department the cottage at Fordham once occupied by Edgar Allan Poe. He desires it to be placed in Central Park, or in one of the proposed new parks above the Harlem.

—It is understood that the new 'Century Dictionary' has been prepared on quite a different plan from that of the 'New English Dictionary' edited by Dr. Murray for the Philological Society. The latter work aims to give a history of the English language, showing when a word first appeared, during what period it was used, and when, if obsolete, it disappeared, and to repeat this information for each of its special senses, illustrating the whole by dated quotations, which are intended to help to a historical knowledge of the use of the word. 'The Century Dictionary' will give this purely philological material with a fullness second only to that of the Philological Society's great work, but it intentionally condenses it and does not aim at complete chronological treatment. The quotations, which are very numerous and selected from a wide range of literature, are used primarily as helps to definitions, rather than for historical purposes. 'The plan of the 'New English Dictionary' excludes the encyclopaedic treatment which will be a feature of 'The Century Dictionary.'

### The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

No. 1446.—Who wrote the poem beginning—

On the Righ't calm we stood,  
Lovely Floribel and I,

and where can I find it?

RIDGEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

No. 1447.—Where can I obtain Matthew Arnold's essay on 'Civilization in America'?

LISBON, ILL.

[Messrs. Cupples & Hurd, of Boston, publish it, with other of Mr. Arnold's essays on the same subject; paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.25.]

No. 1448.—1. What is the name of the English lady who wrote 'A Week in a French Country House'? The book appeared about fifteen years ago, and was published, I think, by Loring, of Boston. 2. From

what drama did Harry Paulton, who wrote the libretto of 'Erminie,' borrow the plot of that opera? 3. Has any new light been thrown on the identity of Merimee's unknown lady friend, to whom he addressed his 'Lettres à une Inconnue'?

S.

[1. Mrs. Adelaide (Kemble) Sartoris (1816-79), who wrote also 'Medusa, and Other Tales']

No. 1449.—Who is C. A. Stephens, the writer of stories for the young?

EATONTOWN, N. J.

F. L. P.

#### ANSWERS

No. 1411.—In reply to the inquiry about the two or three books probably referred to by Mr. T. A. Symonds, when he speaks of Cellini's Autobiography as being one of the best three or four works of the sort in existence, a scholarly correspondent suggests St. Augustine's Confessions, the Confessions of Rousseau, and the autobiographies of Goethe and Gen. Grant. Another mentions the names of Benjamin Franklin, Rousseau, and De Quincey (the 'Opium-Eater'). A third calls attention to Hume and Gibbon and the 'Journal' of the American Quaker, John Woolman, so highly prized by Lamb.

No. 1428.—People who were born in Virginia between 1770 and 1790 used the word *sur-vi-grous*—with a long *i*—and learned it from their parents in childhood. For its origin we should probably have to look on the other side of the water. The *r* belongs in the word, but persons who slur or omit this letter in other words do not sound it in this, of course. Old-fashioned Ohio people, early settlers from Virginia, sounded this letter everywhere.

FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H.

J. B. H.

No. 1432.—We rarely find occasion to criticise *THE CRITIC*, but do you not make a mistake in 'E. C. A.'s answer to Query 1432, in printing Mrs. Whitney's name Adeline D. [Trafton] Whitney? We find good authority for Adeline Dutton Train Whitney, and for that only.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

CITY LIBRARY.

No. 1441.—The ballad for which 'E. V. S.' inquires is doubtless that by Barry Cornwall, beginning

How gallantly, how merrily  
We ride along the sea,  
The morning is all sunshine,  
The wind is blowing free.

Its title is 'The Return of the Admiral,' and it may be found in 'English Songs, and Other Small Poems,' by Barry Cornwall, London, Moxon, 1844 (p. 115).

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

T. W. H.

No. 1444.—The lines occur in the Second Book of Conington's metrical version of the *Aeneid*, to translate lines 557-8 of the text:—

Jacet ingens litore truncus,  
Avulsumque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus.

GODFREY, ILL.

L. M. H.

#### Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given he publication is issued in New York.

Bell, Mrs. H. <i>Petit Théâtre des Enfants</i> . 50c.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Binet, A. <i>Physical Life of Micro-organisms</i> . 75c.	Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Brownell, W. C. <i>French Traits</i> . \$1.50.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Bruce, P. A. <i>The Plantation Negro as a Freeman</i> . \$1.25.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Bunner, H. C. <i>A Woman of Honor</i> . 50c.	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Butler, W. Gen. Gordon. 60c.	Macmillan & Co.
Dann, Jos. T. <i>German Commercial Correspondence</i> . 80c.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Farrar, F. W. <i>Lives of the Fathers</i> . 2 vols. \$5.	Macmillan & Co.
Gagnebin, Mine. <i>A Happy Find</i> . Tr. by E. V. Lee. \$1.25.	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Gilchrist, F. B. <i>The True Story of Hamlet and Ophelia</i> . \$1.50.	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Gratapac, L. P. <i>The Analytics of a Belief in a Future Life</i> . \$1.	James Pott & Co.
Gurney, Lucy E. <i>A Lent in Earnest</i> . \$1.	T. Whittaker.
Holland, H. S. <i>On Behalf of Belief</i> . \$1.75.	T. Whittaker.
Hollis, E. B. <i>Cecil's Knight</i> . \$1.25.	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Jana, Elphege. <i>French Commercial Correspondence</i> . 80c.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Jusserand, J. J. <i>English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages</i> . Tr. by Lucy T. Smith. \$6.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Massachusetts Board of Education. <i>1st Annual Report</i> .	Boston: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
McCosk, J. <i>First and Fundamental Truths</i> . 50c.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Messmer, J. C. <i>Red Carl</i> . Tr. by M. E. Ireland. \$1.25.	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Michigan State Board of Education. <i>41st Annual Report</i> . Lansing, Mich.	
Murray, D. C. and H. A. <i>A Dangerous Catsway</i> . 50c.	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Noel, K. <i>A Modern Faust, and Other Poems</i> . London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.	
Purves, G. T. <i>Testimony of Justin Martyr</i> . \$1.75.	D. F. Randolph & Co.
Schouler, J. <i>History of the U. S. Vol. IV</i> . Washington: Wm. H. Morrison.	
Stopes, C. <i>The Bacon-Shakspeare Question Answered</i> . ad. London: Trübner & Co.	
Storey, M. A. <i>Politics as a Duty and as a Career</i> . 50c.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Washington, George. <i>Writings of</i> . Vol. I. Ed. by W. Ford. \$5.	Washington: George, W. Ford.
Wood, H. F. <i>The Englishman of the Rue Calm</i> . 50c.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Wortman, D. <i>Reliques of the Christ</i> . \$1.	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Yonge, C. M. <i>Beechcroft at Rockstone</i> . \$1.50.	E. P. Dutton & Co.
	Macmillan & Co.



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